Some fight for money, some fight for fame
Some because they're desperate or maybe just insane
But Joe Louis fought like no one else alive
The Brown Bomber fought for nothing less than pride

He whupped 'em all, every mother's son
Twelve victories from '39 and now it was 1941
He'd knock 'em down as fast as they would come
And June was to be another month, another bum

Take all of Ireland and compress it to a man
Make him big but fast with red bricks for hands
Then give him a name that is *cumhachtach* and strong
Too fookin' right, mate, the one 'n only Billy Conn!

Billy needed some plan to fight the legendary Joe
"Hit and Run" he'd said, was the way to beat this foe
Joe Louis had heard it all before and knew it to be shit
"Everybody has a plan," he'd say, "until they get hit."

But Billy had the feet and heart and more than little luck
Twelve rounds he danced around the man and never did get stuck
And all the punches he landed, not so hard, but in rallies
Would mean certain victory when the scorecards were tallied

"Stay away from him, Billy," his corner did say
"You've got this in your pocket, you'll win the day!"
But Billy saw The Champ was having a hard time breathing

And figured one more good round was all he'd be needing

To put the legendary Joe Louis down on the canvas for a nap
So he stopped running to trade punches and his corner said, "crap"
Two seconds left in the thirteenth, Joe connected, and it was over
Billy hit the mat like he'd just fallen off the white cliffs of Dover

It was the bout of the century, the greatest boxing match ever
Fought by a fearsome champion and an Irishman clever
Enough to be the best in the world for 12 rounds that day
Later when asked about the decision Billy Conn did say

"What's the use of being Irish if you can't be thick!"

End

A cousin of mine chose Fairytale of New York *to be the last song played at his wedding reception. Sure, he'd married an Irish girl, but still... it wasn't anywhere close to Christmas and watching his ultraconservative, Pentecost family react to "cheap lousy faggot".... Poor choice. I suspect many poor choices are made while listening to the Pogues.*

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Alternative radio wasn't a thing back in 80s Kansas, so I had never heard any of their songs, but I purchased Rum Sodomy *based entirely upon the title and a four-star review in Rolling Stone magazine. Holy shit. I was maybe seventeen and had never been outside the central time zone. Hell, a clumsy shop teacher could've counted the number of American states I'd been in on one mangled hand. Therefore, listening to the Pogues was, to me, like traveling the world; like visiting many foreign countries and discovering they're all just as marginalized and shabby as your own shithole hometown. A valid perspective that has, regrettably, been proven true time and time again.*